



His Majesty presses the button and the Parliamentary Marionettes do the rest.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday night, Jan. 16.—By simple but effective manoeuvre PRINCE ARTHUR has finally forfeited the character of "a child in these matters," to which he fondly clings. House met to-day for what everyone anticipates will prove a lively Session. The Irish Members in more than usual state of ferment. Some of their brethren are (as SWIFT MACNEILL, chortling in his grief, put it) "immured in a dungeon at the behest of the CHIEF SECRETARY." One is lurking in Paris, whilst police are making healthful holiday at various southern watering places, waiting to arrest him if he crosses what the French perversely call *La Manche*.

"That," says Colonel LYNCH, "is une autre paire de manches."

The earliest business, after Address is voted, threatens deprivation of opportunity of combining the pleasure of degrading tone of House with the business of self-advertisement. Consequently every probability of a row on this the opening night of Session.

"What's to be done?" forlornly asked PRINCE ARTHUR's colleagues. "We can't call in the police again."

"No," said the PRINCE, firmly, "leave it to me. They must be overawed. I will call in the military."

Effect seen and felt from very opening of sitting. Irish Members looking

up beheld a gorgeous figure in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. It dazzled with scarlet, gleamed with gold; suggested the concentrated affluence and power of the British Army; was nearly as big as Army before recruited by Colonial contingents.

"What is it?" the Irish Members tremblingly asked each other.

It was the City Marshal!

PRINCE ARTHUR had caught sight of the figure during one of his ceremonial visits to the City, and with the instinct of genius perceived its uses. If the Irish Members had only known it the warrior was not armed. His brand was by his side as he strolled across the Lobby, with intent to scale the kopje overlooking the expected fray. But jealousy of the military on the part of the Commons, going back to STUART days, manifested itself. No one but Sergeant-at-Arms is permitted to cross the portals of the House bearing a lethal weapon. So, before he entered, the City Marshal was disarmed.

"Will it go off?" said the Door-keeper, vaguely, holding up the sword with look of apprehension.

"I sincerely hope not," said the City Marshal, quickly glancing round to see if there were any suspicious characters about.

PRINCE ARTHUR's strategy fully succeeded. At the onset there were indications of what might have happened in unguarded circumstances. EARL PERCY, temporarily borrowing JEMMY LOWTHER's corner seat, attempted to raise a question of Privilege case of "the gentleman who represents Galway." SWIFT MACNEILL, bubbling with surplussage of words compulsorily secreted during five months of recess, wanted to enlarge on condition of Member immured in dungeon as aforesaid. Irish Members tossed turbulently on the benches. The City Marshal coughed.

It sufficed. Turmoil, which, unrestricted, might have blazed into tumult, was stilled. What was regarded in advance as containing the possibilities of a boisterous sitting lapsed into calmness so profound that it was appropriately closed by an abstruse argument on the bearings of martial law, conducted across the Table by the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and his learned friend DON JOSÉ.

"All very well," said SWIFT MACNEILL, whose knowledge of constitutional history is extensive and peculiar; "but if we are to be overawed in this fashion we may as well have CROMWELL back."

Business done.—KING'S Speech read and Address moved.

Friday Night.—GEORGE WYNDHAM is also among the poets. Noting fidelity of a crow on the paternal demesne near Salisbury, he was moved almost to tears,

altogether to verse. Cherished through winter weather by the Chatelaine of Clouds House, when spring returned the greedy crows flew away to forage for themselves. All save one, who thus remarks:

*Eat all their meal and fly away?
That well may never be.
Nay, now and on this very day
I'll build by their roof tree.*

Which he does, and brings up a grateful family in close contiguity to the house of his benefactress.

The MEMBER FOR SARK suspects the CHIEF SECRETARY of harbouring an allegory. Is there in this handsome volume reference to the Third Administration of the noble MARKISS? Suspicion is strengthened by final verse of the masterpiece:

*Our nest that mocks the roaring wind,
Swayed gently in its arms,
Shall comfort all his kith and kind
Against renewed alarms.
Until the storm-blast tear it down
To strew it at their door,
God send their House may win renown
And flourish evermore!*

SARK insists that "the nest" is the Cabinet; that "their House" is the House of CECIL; that the line "shall comfort all his kith and kind" (sung by the LORD CHANCELLOR), refers to family arrangements on which CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES has sharply commented. Following this clue, he recognises in the "renewed alarms" the excursions by C.-B. and LORD ROSEBURY, whilst "the storm-blast" is obviously the next general election.

This may be so. SARK sees further through a ladder than most men. I am content to say that the boldly dashed-in pictures by MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM are excellent.

Business done.—Debate on the Address. All over the shop.

"Vex not thou the Poet's mind."

*I KNOW I must be wrong,
But I cannot love Ping-pong;
I cannot sing
In praise of ping;
I have no song
For pong.*

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—As you seem disposed to accept the opinions of a veteran who has rejoined the colours after a long spell of civilian inaction, I return to the charge. Coming back to my old work I now and again run across a comrade who was a subaltern with me thirty years ago. My friend, Captain CRUMPET (let us call him), of my old regiment the Lipton Slashers (let us call it), late 189th, met me the other day and lamented with me the disappearance of

old mess customs. For instance, after eleven it was our habit to ride into the ante-room mounted on chairs. CRUMPET tells me that the tradition is forgotten in the Slashers, and certainly when we tried to revive it on our own account we discovered that we had lost the knack. Poor CRUMPET suffers from rheumatism, and I myself find it a difficult task to jump a chair about. Thirty years ago I was barely ten stone—now I am double that weight. But if the regimental customs are dying out, no doubt the procedure is simpler than it was in my younger days. I remember when I was C. O. of a detachment that I once attempted to obtain a hat-brush. I found, looking through some old papers, a portion of the correspondence. Here is the fragment:—

A.F. 8275.

*From Capt. A. Dugout, 189th Regt.
To P.M.O., Bannock Court.*

I consider that owing to the dust of this station it would be serviceable, to ensure a clean appearance of the company which I command, to serve out a hat brush per ten men.

From P.M.O. to O.C.A.O.C.

re Correspondence A.F. 8275.

Noted. But this department, although well supplied with racer brushes for 68-pounder R.M.L. guns, has nothing of the sort required in store. Will pass correspondence to D.A.A.G. North British District.

*From D.A.A.G., North British District,
to O.C.A.O.C.*

Noted for further consideration. But hat-brushes are not under the control of my department. Am sending correspondence to P.M.O.

*P.M.O., Bannock Court, to Principal
Chaplain, Bannock Court District.*

Can you do anything with this correspondence? Church parade—when the battalion should look particularly smart—is connected with your department.

*P.C. Bannock Court District to O.C.
Army Pay Department.*

Passed for your consideration. I could have recommended hymn-books, but hat-brushes seem to be within the scope of your purview.

*O.C. Army Pay Department to
Under Secretary of State for War.*

This correspondence (re A.F. 8275) is forwarded for your decision.

And at this point the correspondence abruptly terminates, so that I am unable to say whether the hat-brushes were obtained or not. However, nowadays, of course, such a series of minutes would be impossible. Would it not?

Yours practically,
A DUGOUT, Captain.



Bernard Partridge.

A LIBERAL INTERPRETATION.

Mrs. Liberal Party. "I TRUST, DR. BULL, THAT MY BOYS GET ON WELL TOGETHER?"
Dr. Bull. "MADAM, I HAVE IT FROM YOUR DEAR BOY, HENRY, HIMSELF, THAT THEY ARE ON TERMS OF PERFECT HARMONY."
 [See *Thackeray's* "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends,"]



1902.

ce, after
into the
CRUMFET
orgotten
when we
ount we
knack.
matism,
task to
ears ago
I am
ne regi-
o doubt
was in
when I
t I once
ish. I
papers,
Here

Regt.
dust of
able, to
ne com-
e out a

5,
although
hes for
nothing
Will
North

District.

n. But
control
g corre-

ncipal
trict.

s corre-
hen the
y smart
ment.
O.C.

on. I
h-books,
thin the

t to
War.
8275

condence
unable
es were
wadays.
minutes
not?

tain.





Mother. "BUT, JACKY, I DON'T THINK A CLOCK-WORK ENGINE WOULD BE A GOOD TOY FOR YOU TO GIVE BABY. HE'S SUCH A LITTLE THING, HE'D ONLY BREAK IT."

Jacky. "OH, BUT, MOTHER, I'D PROMISE YOU I'D NEVER LET HIM EVEN TOUCH IT!"

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

(An Interview.)

"COME in," said a voice, as Mr. Punch's Representative knocked at the door of the office wherein the newly-appointed Director of the British Empire was at work. "Come in—yes, I'm very busy. Fifteen columns of verse in hand for the *Times*, besides other things. Why, in spite of my last edict, the flannelled fools are still playing cricket in Australia, and there's positively a contest at Blackheath, I see, between fifteen English muddled oafs and fifteen Welsh ditto. Then there are the rowing men—I forgot to bring them in last time:

*'Porcine and pestilential—fleeing away from the front—
Fatuous fops at the rigger—cowardly curs in a punt.'*

"How does that strike you?" he added.

"Very fine indeed," said Mr. P.'s Representative, "but—"

"And a little later," went on the Director-General, hastily, "I fairly boil over:

*'Pallid, obscene, distasteful—will ye gather the depth afar?
Will ye harry the new potatoes where the low-swung planets are?
Will ye drive it in double harness? Will ye barter it when
it drops?'*

*Will ye proffer for mournful muffins the snickering carrot-
Pallid, obscene, distasteful—heed ye, and mark the sign!
Five and six are eleven! Seven and two are nine.'*

His interviewer gasped. "What on earth does that mean?" he inquired.

"Lots of things," replied the Director-General. "It means that there are thousands of schoolboys playing football who should be doing goose-step and extension-motions. What do they want with football? I never played football or any of those silly games in my life. When I was a boy—as you may learn from *Stalky & Co.*—I spent all my spare time in loafing and scoring off the masters. If only British youth in general had followed my example, the war would have been finished off long ago."

"Perhaps so," said the Interviewer dubiously. "Of course we were unduly optimistic—and yet, wasn't there a certain poem which seemed to think that 'fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay' would be quite sufficient?"

"I have forgotten those lines," said the Director-General, hastily. "Are you sure they were not written by AUSTIN, or some such person? Besides, it's only lately that I've been quite omniscient. Now I shall show you all how the Empire should be run."

"Couldn't you make your directions a little plainer? Of course the lines *sound* very nice, but their drift is a little obscure, don't you think?"

"Of course it's obscure," said the Director-General testily, "it's *meant* to be obscure. That's my particular style—as anybody but a muddled oaf would understand. Plenty of froth and foam, and sixteen epithets in a row, and vague, big-sounding talk about the Lion, the Empire and the people, filling two columns of the *Times* in large type—that's what Britain needs to save it from destruction. And now be off, please; I must finish my next mandate to the silly-Islanders before lunch time."

THE PILGRIM BROTHER.

[A Special Imperial Commission, under Prince HENRY OF PRUSSIA, is to embark on a German liner for America in order to take possession of the Kaiser's new yacht, which will be christened by President ROOSEVELT's daughter. The famous voyage of Prince HENRY to China in the *Gefion* will be fresh in the memory.]

HENRY, We have to ask you once again
To be prepared to plough the hoary main.
Great tact is needed, you will understand,
To execute the task you take in hand;
Nay, but for duties lying nearer home,
Ourself, in person, would defy the foam;
But since Our throne is in too great request
We naturally choose Our Second Best,
And you, who stand in that unique position,
We now elect to run this little mission.

Last time, if you remember, when we parted
It was upon the China beat you started;
And, spite of friction in the *Gefion's* gear,
That gallant ship arrived within the year.
Your glorious aim—to preach Our Word of Peace
And make arrangements for a longish lease
(This representing Our Imperial tax
On missionaries murdered in their tracks)—
You carried out with skill so well-advised
That We were very properly surprised
When heathen Boxers had their horrid fling
Just after you had settled everything.

The rôle for which at present you are cast
Is, strictly, not so cosmic as the last.
Your voyage—though Imperial, of course—
Cannot be reckoned as a *tour de force*;
And, while distinct from any vulgar trip,
Hardly necessitates a fighting ship.
Still, though you do not go to claim a plot
Of Greater Germany, but just a yacht,
Infallibly this step will prove to be
A stage in Our renowned World-Policy.
Thanks to VON BÜLOW, everybody knows
We have no need of friends or fear of foes;
Yet it is well to keep one kindly nation
For company in case of isolation;
And where we cannot deign to interwed,
Much may be done by christening boats instead.

HENRY, be not annoyed because you sail
To lands that boast to have no social scale;
For, though a free Republic rarely minces
Its elemental scorn of Dukes and Princes.
Yet great examples prove how that locality
Maintains a high impartial hospitality.
Your Royal foot will press an open shore
Where LIPTON's honoured foot has been before;
Your path, in fact, is toward the wide-armed West
That never turned away a noble guest.
Nor need you turn homesick, in any case,
Among a (roughly) consanguineous race;
For where an Anglo-Saxon banner flies
New Vaterlands invariably rise.

And yet We fear you may incur distress
Connected with the local comic Press;
We apprehend the humorist may rage,
Dealing in Anti-Teuton badinage.
Now We have always cherished, need We say,
The strongest views about *lèse-majesté*,
And many a pressman We have closely mewed
For questioning Our public attitude.

But coarse reflections passed upon Our kin—
These We account an even deadlier sin.
Therefore, Our HENRY, should they treat you thus,
Tell them that they will have to deal with *Us*;
Let but a single rude remark be dropped
And We will briefly have the christening stopped!

Brother, the weighty things that We have said
See you character in your Royal head;
More hints We have to guide your youthful way,
But these We hold against another day. O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. CONAN DOYLE, in conjunction with his publishers, Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, has performed a timely and patriotic act. He has brought together in a handy, well-printed pamphlet a cloud of witnesses testifying to the cause and the conduct of the War in South Africa. His design is to refute, by exhibiting their utter baselessness, the persistent slanders to which the civil and military services have been subjected not only on the Continent, where the temptation is naturally irresistible, but by certain sections of our own countrymen. The task is accomplished in that judicial spirit which is essential to success. Never before has the case been put so clearly, so calmly, so briefly. It is intended to translate the masterful summary of facts into five languages, placing a copy in the hands of every deputy and every newspaper editor on the Continent and in America. My Baronite wishes CONAN DOYLE good luck in his noble enterprise.

Following up their monumental work on the Living Races of Mankind, Messrs. HUTCHINSON are now bringing out a similar work devoted to *The Living Animals of the World*. Volume I, just issued under the editorship of Mr. CORNISH, is unique. The letterpress is contributed by such authorities as Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, F. C. SELOES, and LOUIS WAIN. As in its precursor the illustrations are marvellous in their variety and interest. There are nearly six hundred of them, reproduced from photographs taken on the spot. Walk up! walk up, ladies and gentlemen! There is, my Baronite affirms, no delusion about *this* show.

To Mr. HENRY FROWDE, of the Oxford University Press, has come the happy thought of presenting in a handy book-case the ten volumes of *British Anthologies* edited by Professor ARBER. The collection contains two thousand poems, gems of the English language, the choicest work of four hundred poets. First in the choir is CHAUCER, the last singer WORDSWORTH. Between the two lies a world of delight. The volumes, beautifully printed, neatly bound, may be had singly. Judging from his own feeling, my Baronite believes that any purchaser of one volume, illumined by whatever group of poets, will echo the artless aspiration of *Oliver Twist*, and ask for "more."

The House with the Green Shutters, by GEORGE DOUGLAS (JOHN MACQUEEN), is indeed "a novel without a heroine." There is no love-making in it from beginning to end; no amorous swain, no trusting maiden. Not one single grand, noble, generous soul among the *dramatis personæ*; the "dram" being, by the way, among these Scots of Barbie, the fiery liquid that stimulates the hatred felt by all the "bodies" for John Gourlay, who had despised and insulted every one of them. Frequently the dialect, to a southern Englishman, is absolutely unintelligible. Here and there, unless he be a canny Scot, the words and phrases will bother him. Skip them, and you'll be repaid. It is the work evidently of a man who knows every inch of his ground and who has closely studied the folk he so strikingly describes. Not excepting *Quilp's* treatment of his wife,

which was sufficiently revolting in all conscience, and excepting only two or three passages in ZOLA's novels, the Baron is bound to declare that seldom, if ever, has he read so repulsively powerful a piece of writing as the description of the cruel scene, in ruined John Gourlay's house, that leads up to the final catastrophe. Here, on horror's head horrors accumulate with a vengeance, calling to mind the fearful tragedy in the old, old song of "A N'orrible Tale." And it is some relief to regard it in this light, that is, by the light of an ancient comic ditty, lest the gruesomeness of the story should murder sleep. Don't read the last chapters just before going to bed, otherwise — nightmares. The Baron notices that this book is labelled on title-page, "Third impression," which may mean that it is in its third edition; but as to "impression," there can be only one that it makes on the mind of the reader, and that is of the author's undoubted power. And that this power may be speedily turned to better account is the hope of the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE TWO VOICES AND A POSTAGE STAMP.

A STILL small voice spake to my heart,
"Behold a gem, a thing apart,
This is a miracle of art."

Then to the voice I made reply,
"Forgive me if I see not why:
Surely the neck is all awry."

The voice made answer, with a sniff,
"I drew it so: what wonder if
The necks of kings are sometimes stiff."

"Granted," I said, "and do they gaze
So very crossly all their days,
Or is this anger but a phase?"

"O fool," it answered, "'tis a frown
At being parted from his crown;
Cannot you see it won't come down?"

"Ah, then," I asked, "this cloud that
throws

Portentous shadows round the nose—
After next June that also goes?"

Then said the voice, "But look behind;
The cloud, you see, is silver-lined;
Hope for the best, and be resigned."

A WET AFTERNOON.

SCENE—A Private Box. TIME—After the First Act of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." DARBY and JOAN discovered with handkerchiefs to the front.

Joan. How sweetly pretty! "Dearest!"
With her little boy sleeping on her lap!
How touching! (Turning to her husband.) Why, DARBY, you have been—



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT CUPBOARD, CYRIL?"
"HUSH, AUNTIE! I'M PRETENDING TO BE A THIEF!"

Darby (fiercely). No, I haven't!

An Act passes.

Joan. Perfectly charming! How pretty, the little fellow winning his way into his grandfather's wicked old heart! Why, DARBY, you have been—

Darby (as before). No, I haven't!

An Act passes.

Joan. Oh, how charmingly sad! I have been crying ever since the overture! And so have you, DARBY, so have you!

Darby (fiercely). Well, what if I have!

Joan (sobbing). Never enjoyed myself more!

Darby (with difficulty suppressing deep emotion). Nor I!

[Breaks down. Exeunt.]

Tarred with the same Brush.

["The discovery of SMUTS's papers goes to establish Swazi complicity."—Daily Paper.]

DE WET may scorn the Native hide,
And give it kicks and smacks,
But SMUTS has got no colour-pride—
He shares his fire with Blacks.

ARMY EXAM.—When ought soldiers to immediately go to a fancy costume ball? Why, directly they have "dressed up."



SEASONABLE PANTOMIME UPHOLSTERY.

Wife. "OH, JOHN, WHATEVER IS THE MEANING OF THIS?"
John (who has been struck by a brilliant idea on Boxing-night at the theatre). "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU WANTED A NEW DRAWING-ROOM SUITE OF FURNITURE, AND YOU KNOW YOU COULD NEVER SEE ONE PLEASANT-LOOKING ENOUGH—SO I GOT THE UPHOLSTERER TO DESIGN ONE SPECIALLY AS A SURPRISE."

THE PERFECT GUEST.

II.

THE conduct of the Perfect Guest while shooting, following hounds, card-playing, heiress-hunting, or company-promoting would require separate treatment, too severely technical for the present occasion. I will confine myself to those domestic matters which are so simple but so important in the lives of us all.

1. *Drink.* To have sufficient of this elementary necessity is most important, but, in consequence of constitutional differences, is not always easy. Your chief rule should be to keep your eye on the butler, so that your glass may always be empty when he comes round. If you neglect this precaution, you may suddenly perceive him only two places off when your glass is full and be obliged to empty it with indecorous haste, possibly spilling some of the wine or even choking. With regard to the port after dinner, if you find the supply inadequate, act as follows. Hold the empty decanter in your hand and say to your neighbour, loud enough for your host to hear, "May I fill your glass?" Then, ignoring a possible

refusal, add confusedly "Oh!" Your host will ring for a fresh supply, and the onus of requiring it will be thrown upon your neighbour. If, however, you fancy your host to be annoyed with you, say to him jocularly afterwards: "I'm afraid it was my fault we stayed so long in the dining-room, but poor old Brown does enjoy his whack so." By leaving your handkerchief in the dining-room and returning for it immediately you may sometimes secure an extra glass or liqueur before the entrance of the servants.

2. *Cigars.* You have a right to assume that your host wishes his guests to have all they want. Therefore keep your cigar-case well filled from his box, but be careful to do so unobserved, to prevent misconception. Then not only smoke them freely out-of-doors yourself, but offer them to your fellow guests, driving, walking home from shooting and so forth. Such a timely offer has helped many a popularity. If you wish to carry some away with you—more than your case will hold—you should keep a locked box for the purpose: merely to tie them up in paper will not defeat the curiosity of servants when they pack your things.

3. *Expeditions.* If you happen to dislike long drives to visit ruins, &c., do not assert this dislike openly. On the contrary, you should welcome the proposal with glee and discuss it ardently. Then, at the last moment, be prostrate with neuralgia, and retire to your room till the others have gone. Be as cheerful as you like when they return, but be careful to allow a strongly-repressed spasm of pain to appear now and then on your face. You will thus not only escape the expedition but have the credit of a social martyr as well. Indeed, a constitutional tendency to sudden attacks of neuralgia will be useful in many directions, if you are certain your popularity can stand it.

4. *Games.* If you dislike games, endeavour generally to let it appear that your inaction is due to self-sacrifice (that others may take your place), and not to slackness. When drawing-room games are proposed, do not discountenance them, but manoeuvre for the adoption of one at which only a limited number can play, and contrive subsequently not to be of that limited number. You may even manage to be the only person not playing and so avoid conversation as well.

5. *Children.* Whenever you speak to a child of the house without witnesses, always invent a witty or quaint thing for it to have said to you in reply, and mention it afterwards to your hostess in a pause of the general conversation—the latter provision is to augment her gratification. You will be quite safe, for the child will not be expected to remember what it said. It is risky to crib these things out of books, but if you like to take your chance, and have no invention, do.

6. *Domestic quarrels.* If a painful scene should occur in your presence, *always* side with the lady, and if possible, convey your sympathy to her afterwards. You may look agreement with the man when alone with him, but say *nothing whatever* he can quote to her. He will understand that you couldn't help yourself, and she will admire your tact and candour.

7. *Books.* If a bibliophile, you should always bring a few books of your own, and leave them anywhere. Then place the books you propose to annex in your room, and the servant, remembering he unpacked some, may very likely pack them by mistake. This is unnecessary if you have a man of your own, but in that case you are probably too rich to need these hints. Don't pack them boldly for yourself: it may look odd.

8. *Breakfast.* (This should have come among the earlier and more important directions.) If possible, sit next to a man in preference to a woman: he requires no waiting on and won't talk



BEFORE THE HOCKEY MATCH.

Excited Captain (arranging her team). "OH, AND MILLY HAD BETTER TAKE GOAL. SHE'S SPLENDID AT STOPPING THE BALL WITH HER FEET!"
[Milly has since resigned her membership of our club, and the poor Captain cannot fathom the reason.]

so much. If a tea-drinker and the first arrival in the room, wait for one or two others, then move swiftly to the tea-pot and ask: "Who says tea?" Help at least two persons before yourself. It looks good-natured and the third cup is stronger than its predecessors. The Perfect Guest will, of course, avoid houses in which it is necessary to wait for the hostess before beginning. If she is there already, defer your decision between tea and coffee until the former looks as you like it.

These few suggestions are offered out of a possible multitude, but I think they cover the most serious part of the ground. A final one would be that the Perfect Guest is always, so far as anyone can see, frank, straightforward and unselfish.

THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE.

[The first meeting of the Nobel Committee of the Society of Authors, which has been formed for the purpose of recommending English candidates for the prize of some £8,000 awarded annually by the Swedish Academy at Stockholm for the most distinguished name in pure literature, was held last week. On the Committee are Lord AVERBURY, Dr. GARNETT, Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, Mr. A. C. BENSON, Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON, Mrs. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, Mr. HALDANE, K.C., and Mr. THRING (Secretary)]

Oh, Nobel Committee, I think it's a pity your number's so terribly small:

There are dozens of names of persons whose claims to be on you are patent to all!

Mr. W-TS-N's a poet who, did you but know it, would quite have adorned the position,

While our Laureate bold, he's left out in the cold! I call that a startling omission!

Mr. H-N-L-Y, no doubt, you felt free to leave out, as he recently came such a cropper,

But to leave out "A. A." in this casual way, it strikes me as almost improper!

I made up my mind I should certainly find Mr. PH-LL-PS's name was included.

When I found it was not, I said sharply, "What rot!"—and I hope that was also what *you* did.

Then I reckoned up those many writers of prose whose names are quite sure to be missed

When the Public finds out what you've all been about and runs its eye over the list.

Mr. B-T-H-Y, dear me! isn't mentioned, I see. His readers, I'm sure, will be furious;

And Mr. H-LL C-NE I look for in vain—which is really excessively curious.

Mr. P-M-B-R-T-N too, I don't see him, do you? Why, even the Kailyard is barren:

Though I've searched here and there I can't find anywhere Mr. CR-CK-TT or I-N M-CL-R-N.

Last of all there's an error that fills me with terror, I tremble, I quake like a jelly,

In spite of her fame I don't see the name of Stratford's Miss M-RIE C-R-L-LI!

QUERY AND NO ANSWER.—A Cricketer writes to inquire who was the sporting poet known as "The Hat-trick Shepherd," and was he a professional?

TITLE FOR THE COURT OF CLAIMS.—The Ex-tradition Court.



Nurse. "DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE GOOD BOYS GO, MASTER LUCIEN?"

Master Lucien. "YES."

Nurse. "AND DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GO THERE IF YOU GO ON BEING NAUGHTY AND DISOBEDIENT LIKE THIS?"

Master Lucien. "OH, WELL, I'VE BEEN TO THE ZOO AN' THE PANTOMIME, AND, AFTER ALL, I CAN'T EXPECT TO GO EVERYWHERE."

LADY LAW AS IT WILL BE.

(After the admission of *She Barristers*.)

["The French lady barrister resolutely refuses to accept a brief unless absolutely convinced of the justice of her client's cause."—*Daily Paper*.]

"BUT, my dear Madam, we have carried the matter to the door of your chambers," said Mr. DODSON FOGG, the eminent solicitor, "and really the amount of costs is considerable."

"Very sorry," returned Miss BRIEF-

LESS. "I have read through the papers, and I can only say that it would have been far more satisfactory to me if I had been retained by the other side."

"But really, dear Madam, be reasonable. What is the weak point that troubles you? Perhaps we may be able to remove it."

"Impossible," replied the Fair Member of the Bar. "I have seen your client's portrait."

"Certainly, the one that was to be

exhibited for the purpose of identification."

"Precisely, and I am convinced that a man with such an expression of countenance cannot possibly be in the right. And now, my dear Sir, of course I am too pleased to see you, but—"

"Certainly, certainly!" said Mr. DODSON FOGG, bowing himself out.

"Well, Sir?" asked the Managing Clerk.

"Oh, we shall have to give the brief to Mr. METHUSELAH PARR."

"Not to Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, Sir?"

"Afraid he is not equal to it, although, to be sure, he is far more reasonable than his daughter."

FAIR AND FAT.

["A strange exhibition of paternal liberality to a daughter on her marriage is reported from Königgrätz. The dowry was the lady's weight in silver crowns."—*Daily Paper*.]

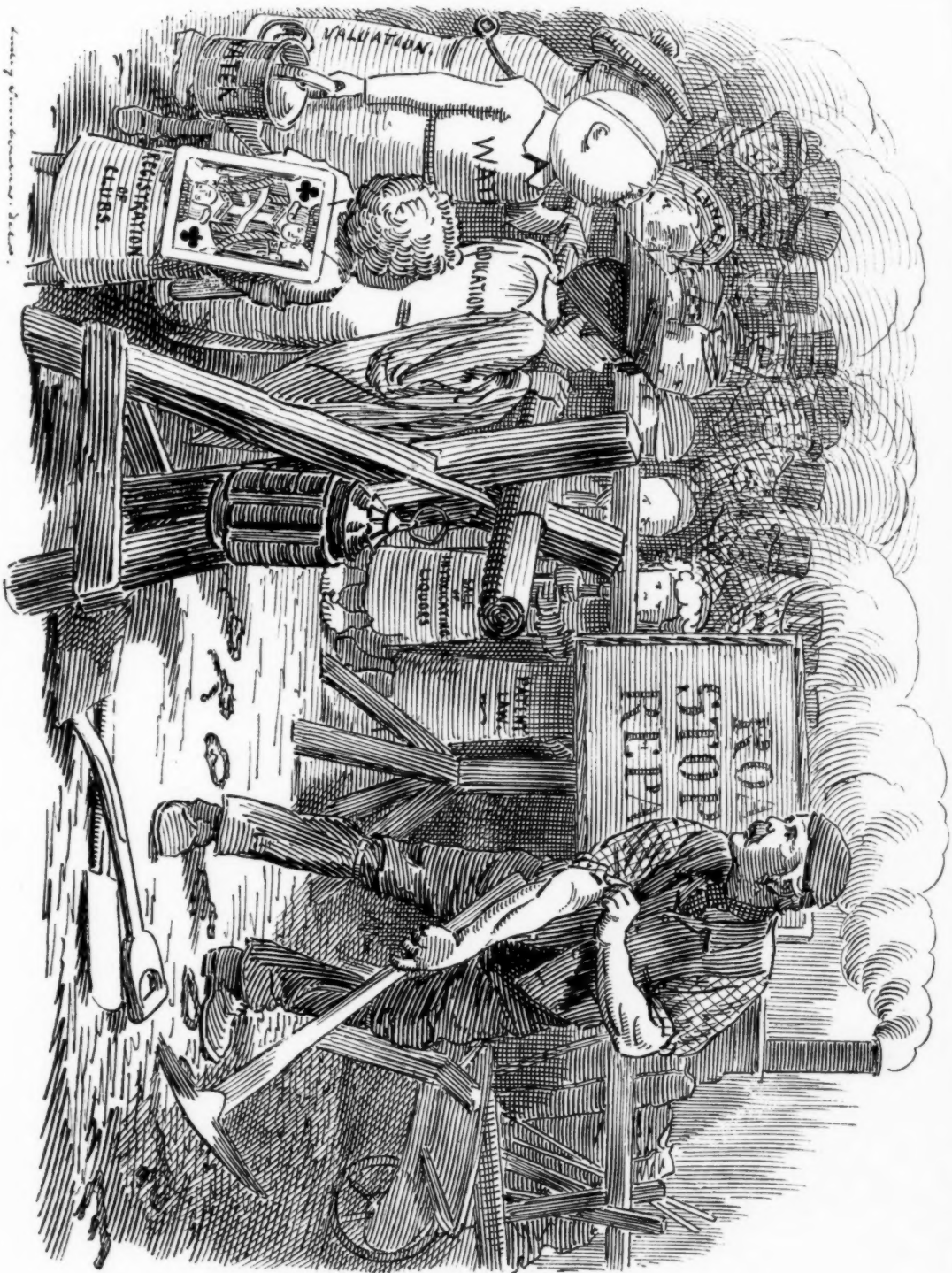
O MISTRESS mine,
Thy gentle ear
To me incline!
And prithee hear
Whilst I declare,
My Queen to-be,
What cruel care
Consumeth me,
O mistress mine,
For love of thee!

Time was my fancy fed a flame
For airy fairy LILIAN;
I thought her flitting lightning frame
One figure in a million;
I dreamt of her the livelong night,
Each day my flame grew stronger;
But now I love that glancing sprite
No longer.

For scant and scraggy seem the arms
I once called slight and slender,
And, lady, thy more weighty charms
Compel my heart's surrender.
My love is based on solid grounds:
Each ounce of flesh on thee, dear,
Is worth at least a golden pound
To me, dear.

Then sigh not, lady! rather taste
This suet dumpling; nay, dear,
Refuse it not—'twere wanton waste
To fret thy waist away, dear.
The day of wasps was long ago—
Then gorge, my fair! so shall you
With every filling morsel grow
In value.

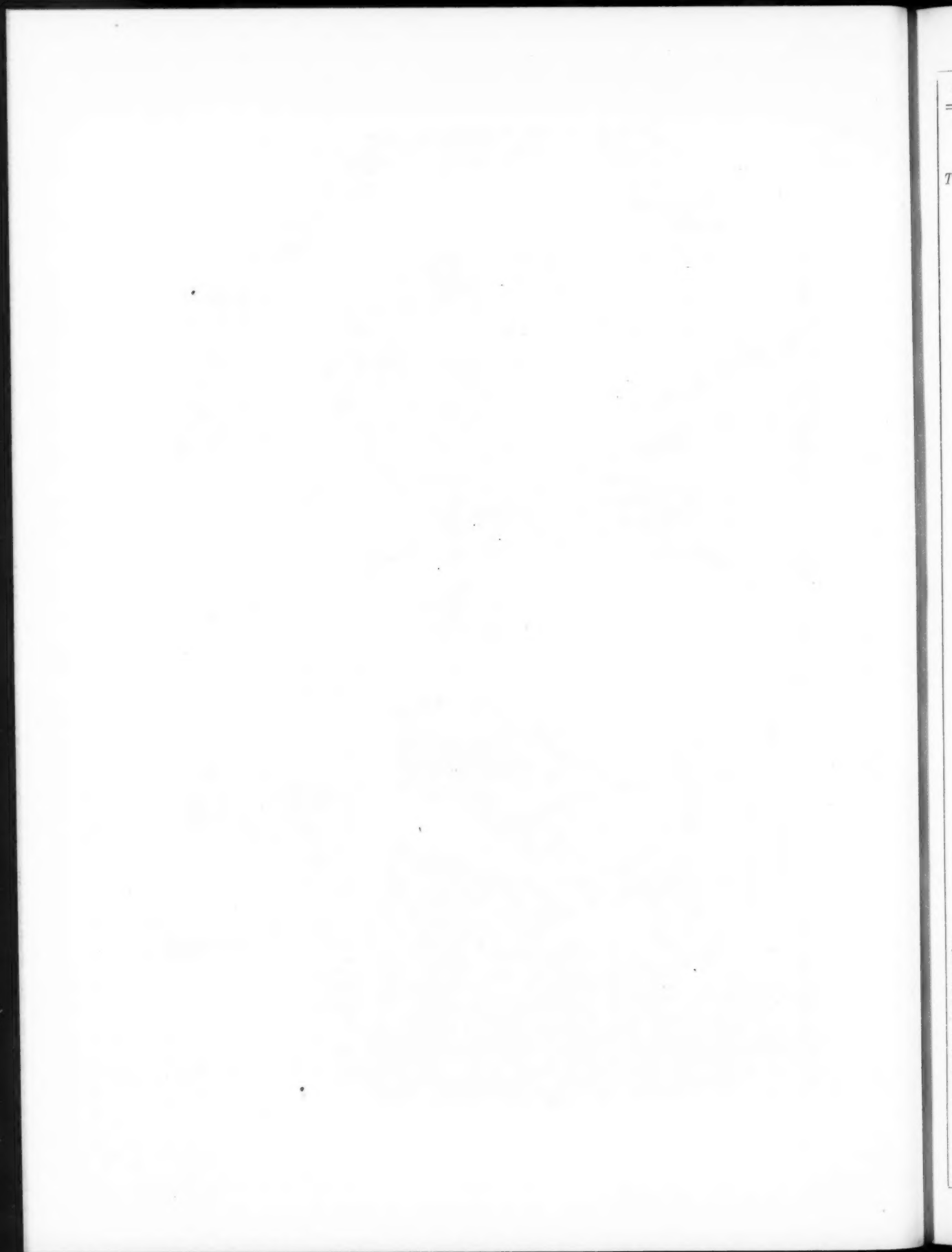
O mistress mine!
My hopes grow bold
When I divine
Thy weight in gold;
Thy massive charms
With joy I view—
Then let these arms
Their utmost do,
O mistress mine,
To circle you!



MENDING THEIR WAYS.

THE LITTLE BUS. "PLEASE, MISTER, WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET THROUGH?"

ARTHUR BAKER (Apathetic). "NOTHING WILL PASS THIS WAY FOR WEEKS; NOT UNTIL THE ROAD'S IN ORDER!"



THE BARGAIN HUNTERS.

A TRAGI-COMEDY OF SUBURBAN LIFE.

The scene represents the exterior of a large West End drapery emporium which, at the present time of 9.25 A.M. is plentifully embellished with labels bearing such alluring announcements as "Gigantic Sale Now Proceeding," "Heart-rending Sacrifices," "Leviathan Bargains," "Stock-taking Sale," and other mottoes calculated to cheer the feminine heart and to make water the rosebud mouth. The three main doors of the establishment are thronged about by a restless crowd of women in all the advanced stages of expectancy and excitement. As the crucial hour of 9.30 approaches, when the great "sacrifices" are to be offered up for "absolutely less than cost price," the crowds grow and widen, extending outwards in ever-swaying queues over pavement and curb into the road itself. There is a tense, tight-lipped determination on the pale, drawn faces turned so anxiously towards the doors. As the clock strikes the half-hour these are flung apart by tall, liveried janitors and three overwhelming torrents of womanhood flood the building. Stifled cries of, "Don't push, please!" "And you call yourself a lady!" "You're on my dress!" "Oh! my umbrella!" "Mind you don't get your purse snatched!" occur concurrently. As the last bargain-hunter disappears through the doorway the scene is plunged in darkness. When the lights go up again the interior is represented. The long counters, behind which anæmic saleswomen lol in easy attitudes of independence, are loaded with "sacrifices" and "remnants"; before them are hot, excited, struggling women pulling the remnants towards them, tossing them here and there, with an earnest, business-like enthusiasm.

Tall Lady (to a shrivelled-up, hard-featured girl, standing apart biting her lips). What a remarkable coincidence! We met here at the last sale. (The hard-featured girl smiles bitterly.) Have you found anything?

H.-f. Girl (with a gesture of impatience). I've had both feet crushed, and my umbrella broken. I've lost my handkerchief and most of my hair-pins.

Tall Lady (who feels she must appear sympathetic). How annoying! Which way did you come in?

H.-f. Girl. Oxford Street entrance. As soon as the doors were opened I was lifted off my feet and forced in on the points of two dozen of the boniest



AT THE TOWER.

Papa. "Now, ELSIE, WE HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING—THE CROWN JEWELS, THE GUNS AND THE ARMOUR—AND I THINK WE HAD BETTER START FOR HOME."

Elsie (with possible reminiscence of visit to the Zoo). "OH BUT, PAPA, WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE BEEF-EATERS FED!"

elbows in London. As soon as I found my feet somebody stepped on them. I am quite faint with the pain. I had to hurry away without breakfast; all the way from Peckham, too.

Tall Lady (pulling out the sympathetic stop again). How annoying. Is there anything I can get for you? I'm looking round.

H.-f. Girl (acidly). No, thank you. I never buy anything. I only come for ideas.

[A smile evanesces from the features of the Tall Lady as she goes off.]

A short, over-dressed, florid lady, emerging from a stock of greatly reduced blouses, pants forth her remarks to a dull, solid girl near by.

Florid Lady (as she picks up a flowery garment). Now this one, JULIA!

Julia (with superior contempt). Oh! I don't like it. Too showy. They'll take me for an actress.

F. Lady (picking up another). Well, this one.

Julia (with superlative contempt). I should look a sight in it.

F. Lady. But it's so cheap. And looks so good. It's a positive shame to let it go.

Saleswoman (with lofty disdain). Please don't finger it if you are not going to purchase it.

Julia. It's ridiculous, mother. You know how I detest blue. You seem bent on picking out all the colours that don't suit me. Anything that would make me look hideous you take a violent fancy to.

F. Lady. Nonsense, dear; but, you know, your taste is so dreadful.

Julia (still with scorn). Umph! I wish the people wouldn't push so. (The Florid Lady extracts another blouse from a basket and holds it up.) Oh! how ghastly! Really, mother, your taste is atrocious. Look at the lace, it's faded. (Languidly picking up one which another lady is struggling to reach.) There, this is pretty, mother.

F. Lady (assuming an expression of

great agony). Oh! JULIA, a perfectly wicked design.

Julia (stubbornly). Nonsense, mother. It looks worth three times the money. I always look well in brown. I shall wear it at the McCoy's on Friday.

F. Lady (with the caution of fifty years). Take it to the light, dear.

[JULIA does so. To her horror and consternation she encounters Mrs. McCoy examining a similar blouse. Each sheds a sickly disappointed smile in lieu of friendly greeting.]

Julia (to herself). Just my luck. Knocks the bargain on the head. All through mother's fussing. Heaven only knows what I shall wear after dinner on Friday.

Mrs. McCoy (to herself). How vexing. This blouse is out of the question. I shall have to wear my old blue and white when she comes.

Julia. Really, these sales get more and more disappointing. Does anyone find anything worth buying?

Mrs. Mc. (sweetly). I don't know. I never do. It's absurd coming.

[They depart severally and hurriedly.]

A Pretty Widow (with a mechanical smile in good working order, to a handsome lady in furs). Look here, CYNTHIA, just the thing for my old Aunt LINGFIELD. Isn't it absurdly cheap? Such a dear simple old creature, she will think the world of it. I didn't mean to give her a birthday present, but really this is so cheap. . . . [Laughs.]

Handsome Lady. Look, who is coming, Laura!

[A little bustling woman overladen with unyielding parcels and towing along a vacuous, straight-haired child, propels herself forward like a jerky river tug.]

Bustling Woman. How do you do? We are in search of coats and skirts. EMMELINE goes back to school on Thursday, and she positively hasn't a thing to wear. We've been "saleing" all the week, and I feel I haven't an ounce of flesh on my bones. We mustn't stay. We've to go to JONES'S boot sale, and to EAGLE AND EDMUNDS. I'm sure our husbands and men folk who play at being busy in the city [with a smirk mechanically responded to by the Pretty Widow] little dream of the amount of hard labour we have to go through to keep our families decently clothed. And the economy that has to be practised. I'm sure, with my six girls . . . But it's the women who have the business heads nowadays—not the men. Come, dearest!

[Bustles spasmodically away with her cargo, still talking.]

A tall lady is trying on a serge jacket and viewing herself in a cheval glass. A very stout lady, seeing a fawn coat lying on a chair, suddenly pounces on it and half struggles into it. Three other ladies watch the experiment with envious interest.

Saleswoman (without a smile). Perhaps if you put down your umbrella,

Madam, it might be easier to try it on. [The stout lady does so and pulls on the coat.]

Stout Lady (breathlessly). How—does it—do?

Saleswoman. The style is very smart, Madam, but I'm afraid it is a little too small.

[The faces of the three ladies perceptibly brighten. With great difficulty the coat is drawn off.]

Second Lady (eagerly). I should like to try it on.

First Lady (with strained politeness). I think I was here first.

Third Lady (mildly expostulating). Excuse me, but this lady [indicating the stout one] promised me I should try it on after her.

Second Lady. Oh, but she has no right to promise . . .

[The three ladies voice their claims with increasing emphasis and vigour. Each pulls at a corner of the coat while the distressed saleswoman tries to preserve it from being torn to shreds. Eventually she succeeds in rescuing it, and is about to decide the case Solomon-wise when the Tall Lady interposes.]

Tall Lady (with a frigid glance at the dissentient trio). Thank you! I think I had better put on my coat before it is torn to pieces!

[Is assisted into it and walks away with chilling dignity amid the chagrin and astonishment of the others.]

VELOCIPEDESTRIANISTICALISTURIANOLOGIST.

[“Mr. DANE, one of the pioneers in bicycle trick-riding, has recently died at Chicago. He was known as the Champion Velocipedestrianisticalisturianolgist.”—*Daily Paper.*]

O LIST while I sing

Quite a short little thing

Of him who was known as the champion king

Velocipedestrianisticalist-

(Here I pause to take breath) -urianologist.

There are who may possibly think it absurd
To use such a sesquipedalian word,
But a word of six feet is *par excellence* meet
For such a performer of feats with his feet.

Perhaps it is not very easily seen
What some of these curious syllables mean;

But, whatever they be,
You will doubtless agree
With him and with me
That no rival has he
As a ve-

locipe-
(You had best take a rest ere you finish it) -dest-
rianist-
icalist-
urianologist.

A THING THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PUT DIFFERENTLY.—The Observer says:—

“We regret to announce that Mr. HORACE G. BOWEN has retired from the chief cashiership of the Bank of England, and has been succeeded by his deputy, Mr. JOHN GORDON NAIRNE.”

But why this further regret? According to common testimony the appointment of Mr. NAIRNE to the honourable post vacated by Mr. BOWEN is an excellent one.

“POPULAR REPRESENTATION.”—Mr. HENRY KIMBER, M.P., who wrote on this subject in the *Times* some time since, now publishes a leaflet. Strange that he should entirely overlook the fact that the most notable instances at this moment of “Popular Representation” in London are Mr. DAN LENO'S *Sister Anne* and Mr. GILLETTE'S *Sherlock Holmes*.

A LITTLE MIXED.—REDMOND Cadet and MICHAEL ANGELO JOSEPH FLAVIN, the rival “bull”-breeders of the House of Commons, must look to their laurels. Here is the financial editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, discussing certain Budget proposals: “We hope against hope that some of the seed sown by Sir ROBERT GIFFEN may not fall on deaf ears.” Since Viscount CROSS during debate in the House of Commons “heard a smile,” there has been nothing to beat this.

NEW MOTTO FOR A DISTINGUISHED BATTERY OF R.H.A. (*Just back from the front*).—“Take your Q from us.”

CABLE FROM R. K.—“Flannelled Fools a slip. No Point.”



Second Horseman (on new horse). "WHY DID YOU TELL THE GOVERNOR THIS HORSE NEVER REFUSED WATER?"
Dealer's Lad. "NEITHER 'E WON'T—WHEN IT'S IN A BUCKET!"

INSTANS SENECTA.

DEAR JACK, what 's this? My word upon it,
A bee is buzzing in your bonnet.
These solemn words, precise and slow,
Are not the little lad I know,
So young, so cheerfully addressed
To frolic fun and laughing jest:
So careless what the days may bring,
If but himself may have his fling;
So apt to pour his scorn on those
Who ponderously prate and prose
Of age that weighs and care that clings,
And all the other hateful things
That mar the brow and bend the back
Of some—but never come to JACK.

How is it, JACK, that you resent
My little birthday compliment?
"At twenty-five," you write, "a man
Forgets his birthdays if he can.
With twice twelve years all stowed behind him,
It's hardly tactful to remind him
That, lo! a twenty-fifth is gone,
And still old Time keeps pegging on.
Once, long ago, I looked on birthdays
As unalloyed delightful mirth-days.
The candles on the cake, that mark
One's score of years, seemed just a lark.
Would that they had remained the same—
But every year another came;
And still, while swift my youth was going,
The hateful number kept a-growing,
Until—I heard the cook declare it—
No merely mortal cake would bear it.
That stamped me old; so spare me, pray,
Allusions to my natal day."

Poor JACK! But, ah, I can remember
When life to me seemed all December.
There shone no sun to make me warm,
But all was cloud and gathering storm,
A bleak grey sky, a prospect drear,
And over all a voice rang clear
Through wind and rain and sleet and snow:—
"Gone is your youth, gone long ago!"
It was, as I recall, the time
When life was flushing in its prime.
Cambridge had done with me, no doubt,
But then she had not flung me out:
Degreed I left her—'tis no rare case;
Another's name was on my staircase;
And in my comfortable room
Another dwelt, and heard the broom
And all the matutinal stir
Of Mrs. J., the bedmaker.
To him henceforth she would devote
Her widow's cruse of anecdote,
And use for him, but not for me,
A tongue that wagged incessantly.
In short I was a fresh B.A.,
And should have been, but wasn't, gay.
Plunged into London's flooded stream
I felt that I had dreamed my dream.
To gloom and fancied age I clung—
And yet I was superbly young.

And now, good luck, it makes me smile
To hear you use my ancient style.
Heaven help you, JACK, your clear blue eye
Gives all such fancy-talk the lie.



LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

Pat. "I'VE JUST 'EARD THAT MY WOIFE'S VERY ILL, SORR, AND I THINK I'D BETTER BE GOING HOME."

Employer (doubting him). "WHY, PAT, I MET A MAN TO-DAY WHO TOLD ME YOUR WIFE WAS WELL."

Pat (anxious to score). "SURE, THEN, I'VE GOT NO WQIFE AT ALL, SORR. SO WE MUST BOTH BE LIARS!"

Go to, 'tis but a waking pain;
You 'll fall asleep and dream again,
And (in your dreams) you 'll wander free
Through life and all its pageantry,
And follow still the fleeting glory
Until—but that 's another story.
And now, if you 'll withhold your stricture,
I 'll dip my brush and paint a picture;
So, JACK, attend, and try to suit your
Imagination to the future.
Double your years—that makes 'em fifty:—
Behold a housewife neat and thrifty—
She knows his tempers through and through—
Stands by her portly man—that 's you.
Your little girls, two dainty trippers,
Bring you their gifts of socks and slippers.
Your boy—he stroked his College boat
And hopes to wear your old blue coat—
Forbears awhile your education,
And offers his congratulation,
And hints, at ease, the cool young sinner,
At birthday fare and fizz for dinner!
And you, I fancy, seem to find
A birthday fairly to your mind.
You chaff the lad, and lightly touch
On boys who seem to know too much.
"A youth to-day," you 'll laugh, "is rather
More aged than his ancient father.
And, oh, forgive me, but—ahem!—
Those Cambridge bills, Sir—what of them?"

So, JACK, repent: why, man alive,
You 've just begun at twenty-five!

R. C. L.

MARCONIGRAMS.

I.

Some possible Extracts from the "Times" a year hence.

... "A CROWDED and enthusiastic meeting which served once more to demonstrate the unanimity of public feeling on our South African policy. The chief speaker of the evening had a magnificent reception, and, amid the perfunctory applause of a few hirelings, repeated some of those fatuous ineptitudes which represent his stock of political wisdom. A more complete fiasco cannot be imagined, nor one more likely to dishearten everyone who took part in a demonstration which, from start to finish, was a brilliant and unqualified success. Having pulverised the arguments of his opponents, he failed utterly to refute that exposure of his folly which his opponents have made many times over. With his closing remarks—the words of an unselfish patriot and a blatantly conceited Jingo—our readers will concur most heartily, feeling that they attain to a depth of idiocy which even this speaker has not previously compassed, honourable and meritorious as his lengthy career has been."

[*Editorial Note.*—The account of this meeting at Birmingham was transmitted to us by wireless telegraph. Unfortunately, a portion of the report intended for the *Daily News* seems to have been tapped by our receiver, and time does not permit us to disentangle the two versions.]

II.

(From the Berlin Correspondent.)

"The importance of a pronouncement made yesterday by the German Emperor cannot be exaggerated. Indeed, the diplomats with whom I have discussed it are unanimous in the belief that it will gravely affect the course of European politics for many years to come. But, without further preamble, I will give you the Emperor's exact words. Addressing the Chancellor in a voice which trembled with emotion, he said—"

[*Editorial Note.*—By a vexatious accident, the rest of our correspondent's message has not reached us. At the moment of its transmission a French battleship, fitted with the MARCONI apparatus, was lying in the Channel, and contrived to intercept the remainder of the telegram.]

III.

(A Letter to the Editor.)

"SIR,—It is high time that steps were taken to check the scandalous misuse of our telegraphic system. This morning I despatched a wireless of great importance to a friend, asking him to meet



Mistress (to New Maid). "WELL, MARY, I'VE TRIED TO APPORTION YOU DIFFERENT DUTIES FOR EACH DAY IN THE WEEK, SO THAT YOU MAY HAVE VARIETY IN YOUR WORK. YOU'VE BEEN HERE A MONTH NOW. JUST TELL ME WHICH DAY YOU LIKE BEST?"

Maid. "PLEASE, MUM, MY DAY OUT!"

me at one o'clock. For two hours, Sir, I waited at the receiving instrument for a reply, within which time the following messages arrived:

'Send me £500 at once, and buy Otaheites—SHARPEM, outside broker.'

'Have you a furry tongue? Take Pepper's Perfectly Painless Pilules!'

'Jones and Robinson's sale now on. Jones and Robinson. Great bargains in all departments. Don't forget the name. Jones and Robinson.'

'Your life is in danger! Run! All is known! Only one thing can save you—reading *Noodleby's Nightcap*, the most brilliant and sensational novel of the season.'

"At great expense, Sir, I have had a pole 250 feet high erected on the top of my own house in order to receive telegrams expeditiously. And whenever I go to the instrument I am bombarded with these abominable advertisements!

"Yours &c., INDIGNANT."

IV.

(General News.)

We understand that a letter has been sent by the Postmaster-General to Mr. MARCONI (at present in Newfoundland) inviting him to suggest certain improvements in his system, recently purchased by the Government at a cost of five millions.

The following reply has been received (by wireless telegraph) "s-s-s-s."

COMMERCIAL "INTELLIGENCE."—"Coats" were in request, and the price went to 84s., but when what was believed to be a bear was covered, the quotation slipped back to 81s. 9d."—*Glasgow Herald*.

MOTTO FOR A BAZAAR IN AID OF MILITARY FUNDS.—"Oh, the wild charge they made!"



AT A FANCY BALL.

She. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

He. "I'M AN EXECUTIONER, HENRY THE EIGHTH PERIOD. WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT?"

She. "I'M ANNE BOLEYN."

He. "WELL, LET'S GO DOWN TO SUPPER."

"O QU'IL EST BEAU!"

The Last of the Dandies has achieved a run that only a popular management, lavishing money on the artistic production of this piece, and supported by a first-rate company, could possibly have given it. A poor drama whose poverty is rendered all the more conspicuous by the perfection of the acting. Mr. CLYDE FITCH's play will be memorable on account of the perfect presentment of the character of *Count d'Orsay* by Mr. BEERDÖHM TREE, of the charm and grace of Miss LILY HANBURY as the lovely *Lady Blessington*, the tenderness of Miss KATE

RORKE in the difficult, unsympathetic part of *Lady Summershire*, and for the manly bearing of Mr. H. B. WARNER as *Lord Raoul Ardale*.

The scene on the Thames at or about Twickenham, with real Thames water, real boats, real rowing, and real danger to everyone on the stage of missing a footing on landing, or of upsetting a skiff, is something to be remembered and wondered at. It is the prettiest scenic show in London. Such excellent acting has, ere now, prolonged the life of not a few pieces neither better nor worse than this. But one great point has been entirely lost sight of by the author, and

has escaped the actor, which is, as CHARLES MATHEWS writes of Count D'ORSAY about this period, that his pronunciation of English was peculiar. He spoke it as a foreigner, but he had never mastered it; he preferred his native tongue, and avoided writing letters in English. CHARLES MATHEWS says in Vol. I., p. 129, of his memoirs: "I tell him that if you were to hear him speak English—which he does in the prettiest manner—that you could not refrain from kissing him." On second thoughts, though, had Mr. TREE exactly reproduced the Count's way of speaking English the effect might have been demoralising. So 'tis better left as it is. In another week's time the Dandy of the Early Victorian period is to give place to the—ahem!—"Beau" of Ulysses.

THE BOOK-HUNTER.

[“The Westminster City Council has decided to fight to the finish the secondhand bookseller of Charing Cross Road.”—*Daily Paper*.]

How often would he linger,
How long and dimly peer,
And turn with dingy finger
The volumes brown and dear;
Or scan each dusty cover,
Intent as any lover,
Still hoping to discover
Aldine and Elzevir.

But of those classic closes
Once haunted what remains?
Where are last summer's roses?
Where are last winter's rains?
No longer may he sally
At early dawn to dally
Along that shady alley
Beside St. Clement Danes.

So, turning westward slowly,
Reluctant he withdrew,
These wells of learning holy
He bade a long adieu;
And to thy road repairing,
O famous Cross of Charing,
He took his daily airing
In fields and pastures new.

But scarce, amid the setting
Of novel sights and sounds,
Had he begun forgetting
His happy hunting-grounds
When Jack-in-office spied him,
And, hustling up beside him,
Importantly denied him
A place within his bounds.

And now his trousers baggy,
His coat of fashion queer,
His grizzled locks and shaggy
No more shall linger here;
He'll pass no longer creaking,
With uppers cracked and leaking,
Still seeking, seeking, seeking
Aldine and Elzevir.